



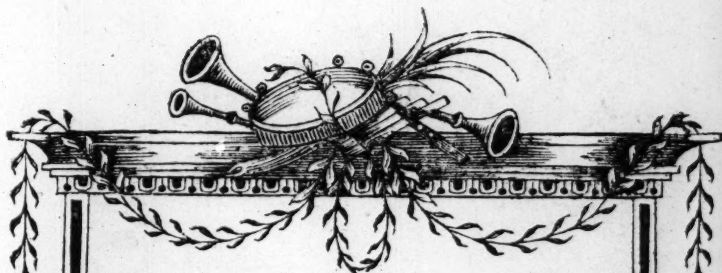
*Il n'y a point de solitude,
point de tentation, point d'ennui
pour quiconque sait être chez soi
et avec soi.*

Engraved for R. Gillet 1796



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point de tentation, point d'ennui
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THE
PLEASURES OF REASON:
OR, THE
HUNDRED THOUGHTS
OF A
SENSIBLE YOUNG LADY.

BY R. GILLET, ^K
Lecturer on Philosophy and F.F.R.S.

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To MRS. OLIER, *Bloomsbury-Square.*

M A D A M,

ESSAYS upon the language of Reason cannot be more properly dedicated, than to a person who, by taste and profession, is the constant interpreter of good sense and true philosophy.

As these are nothing more than a collection of those advices and sentiments you daily impart to your pupils, I therefore beg you will accept them favourably, as being at the same time a proof of my satisfaction in coinciding with your uncommon notions of Education, and in answering your purpose in the department you have allotted to me.

I am with respect and devotion,

M A D A M,

Your most obedient servant,

GILLET.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE author's intention in publishing this book in English and French, is not only to render it beneficial to young pupils, by developing their reason and judgment, but likewise to supply them with proper and easy materials, for cultivating their memory and exercising themselves in alternately translating and composing out of one into the other.

EXPLANATION OF THE FRONTISPIECE.

A young lady seeking Happiness in a succession of employments, for the exercise both of the mind and body.

The Genii of Idleness under the form of winged boys, vainly endeavouring to seduce her from her duty, &c.

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TO THE
YOUNG READER.

MY design in this little work is not to teach you any thing new, nor to talk to you of your various duties with severity. Undoubtedly you already know the duties suitable to your age and station; you have perhaps fulfilled them to the present time with submission and gentleness; but how happy should I be, if, in furnishing you with materials for reflexions, I could ennoble your principles, and make you understand the

B

language

*language of reason and sentiment, while
I address myself to your heart and mind.*

*The imagination is not the only faculty
you have to cultivate; your situation in life,
and that which is to form your happiness,
should constantly employ your thoughts, and
consequently influence your conduct in your
studies, your improvement, your pleasures,
and even your misfortunes.*

*What an art ! what a talent ! Do not
imagine, my Young Readers, that you are
incapable of possessing it ; suffer yourselves
to be guided with confidence by the hand
which leads you ; and to all the methods that
tenderness, industry, and zeal employ for your
improvement, join the important advantage of
reflexion ; you will discover that nothing en-
riches us so much as self-examination, to
know the source of our sentiments and af-
fections, and that when we know how
to*

to enter into ourselves, we never return without being better, or feeling ourselves inclined to become so.

Read, and read frequently the alphabet of thoughts ; the wise always peruse a work with pleasure which they know must awaken in them proper sentiments, and of which utility and sincerity constitute the merit.

Abuse your time therefore with judgment ; this collection of thoughts is food for your mind only, and it is not when your vanity is to be flattered, or your imagination amused, that you should have recourse to it ; act like the man who not being hungry, does not eat at an improper season ; he does not despise a particular food because it is too substantial, he waits for the call of hunger ; do you therefore wait the moment when your heart

and reason are ready to receive instruction. Short sentences, dictated by sincerity and candour, will always find admission to a good mind, and may become a part of the character.



THE
HUNDRED THOUGHTS
OF A
SENSIBLE YOUNG LADY.

1.

I HAVE found the secret of doubling those pleasures I thought of little importance, and of lessening those vexations that appeared to me great.

2.

On reflexion I have discovered, that what I called *Constraint, Force, Dependance, &c.* had been wisely appointed to give consistency to my inclinations, to make me contract by insensible degrees the

habit of *Order, Economy, and Subordination*, without which, we know not how to enjoy true liberty.

3.

The fruits of this reflexion have been to make me just, and consequently gentle and grateful to the hand that conducts me; my real troubles are reduced to a small number, and I have found more charms in those duties which are enjoined me.

4.

When I am discontented, employment enables me to forget my uneasiness, and I hope content will follow.

5.

When I have any uneasiness, I hope it will wear off, and ask myself what remains of those vexations I experienced
last

last year—even last week? — *All are buried in oblivion.*

6.

Hope has such efficacy, that it can lead us to the end of life through an agreeable path, and even *beyond life itself.*

7.

Patience is the art of waiting. Time passes quickly with him who hopes for better days and lives for *the morrow.*

8.

I have found that in my disquietudes, *Resolution* has furnished me with more resources than reason.

9.

Resolution enables me to support my misfortunes by giving me strength of mind to disdain them; and whilst I am employed in despising little troubles, time passes, and my patience finds its reward.

10. We

10.

We are not unhappy when we are contradicted in our *tastes*, but in our *sentiments*.

11.

Our tastes are fleeting desires which originate from the head and imagination ; *Sentiments* have their source in the heart.

12.

A person of integrity and candour living with unjust, unprincipled, or vicious people, is truly unhappy.

13.

A person of sensibility living with those who ridicule it or take advantage of it, not knowing either its value, or effects, is unhappy.

14.

It is necessary therefore that I should learn to distinguish my *tastes* from my *sentiments*, my caprice from my true wants ;

wants ; and if I can succeed in uniting them in a manner suitable to my duties and station, I shall have found the clue to happiness.

15.

I may become learned with the knowledge of others, but I believe no one can be wise but by his own wisdom.

16.

The first step I shall take towards wisdom, will be to distrust myself, and to think that I may be deceived in estimating my own character, in my pursuit of pleasure, and the objects which occasion me uneasiness.

17.

Nothing has better taught me to become wise than examining the follies of others, and being sincere with myself when I had erred against reason.

18. Every

18.

Every time I look into myself and do not find either uneasiness or reproach—I experience a real pleasure.

19.

But if I feel that I have done good to any one, that I have succeeded in some undertaking, and have gained the approbation of those around me—I experience a thousand pleasures.

20.

To make those unhappy who are entitled to our gratitude, to lose our own esteem or that of others—these are real sorrows.

21.

I find then that my pleasures and my troubles are in a degree in my own power, and that it depends on myself
alone

alone to give birth to them, to estimate or reject them.

22.

We feel pleasure and pain only in proportion to our self-love; and if I can regulate it, or *suffer it to be regulated*, I shall increase the sum of the one, and lessen that of the other.

23.

Self-love is a cruel and very unjust flatterer; it not only deceives us in that which is really pain and vexation, but it renders us likewise more sensible of those mortifications and contradictions which exist alone in our fancy, than to those pleasures and charms which are real and evident.

24.

Thus when I deceive myself in the judgments I form, self-love occasions it.

I con-

I condemn in others that impatience and those inequalities of character which I possess myself, and of which I do not correct myself, because I feel pain in acknowledging them, or view them under the appearance of some good.

25.

Impatience of temper, formal exactness, even sallies of passion—we are apt to consider the indulgence of those defects, as advantageous to those that live with us; nay, we sometimes require that they should receive our ill treatment with cheerfulness, and should feel grateful to us.

26.

Show me a young person who has an unbounded self-love; who ascribes every thing to himself, who desires that all honours and pleasures should be for him alone; who neither loves nor hates any thing, but as it is conformable or contrary

trary to his inclinations; who makes himself the centre of every thing; who would rule every thing, and have no one employed but in gratifying him, in praising and admiring him; show me such a person, he is an *Egotist*; I shall despise and shun him, for he will certainly be proud, quarrelsome and envious, in a word, *a tyrant*.

27.

The person whose self-love has not been enlightened by education, who has been left to his own guidance, untrained by discipline and restraint, becomes an *Egotist*.

28.

He who is indulgent to himself, has generally but little politeness and complaisance for others; he who idolizes himself, is a tyrant to others.

29.

A young person who is beneficent and amiable, is beloved even *involuntarily*, if I may use the expression ; for all the pleasure she gives, all the good offices she renders to others, are so many links by which she enchains the heart.

30.

She who rejoices at the good done to her equals, is nearly as beneficent as she who actually confers the good.

31.

Show me a young person who is good and complaisant, who is not offended at my caprice, who bears with my faults without harshness, who knows how to manage my self-love without flattering it, to excuse my faults without approving of them, to hear my praises without being hurt at them, and who puts a
favour-

favourable construction on the intent of words and actions; I shall earnestly seek such a character, and shall find myself compelled to esteem it.—But to be amiable myself, ought I not to be that character?

32.

Before I give my esteem to any one, I require she should possess these qualities. But others require them of me likewise, and without them, by what right or title can I expect to please?

33.

No one is esteemed without some reason; the more solid and valuable those qualities are by which we please, the more solid and valuable are the sentiments we inspire.

34.

There are some who gain esteem almost without endeavouring for it;

C 2

they

they are fortunate. Others are unbending in their character, require much contradiction, and much trouble is necessary to correct them ; We ought on that account to be more indulgent to them, and commend the efforts they make to conquer themselves. But unfortunate are those who have struggles to make in order to be good ; Wit and Beauty is then their only resource.

35.

But we are soon tired of Wit and easily accustomed to Beauty ; they are not therefore to be relied upon.

36.

It is not those who are the best informed, and who have the greatest talents, who please most, but those who know how to exist for others, and to place them in a favourable light :
in.

in a word, those who are *good* and *amiable*.

37.

Would you be good?—Love to do good. Would you be amiable?—study to please, and to make all those whom chance, or the necessary intercourse of society, oblige you to see often, content with you and with themselves.

38.

Would you wish to be liked?—make yourself worthy of being so.—Would you wish to be esteemed?—esteem nothing but what you ought to esteem.

39.

Beauty alone is requisite to gain us admirers: but we must be *good* to acquire friends.

40.

Who are those whom every one loves and seeks, in whom they confide, whose faults they excuse, and whose misfortunes they lament?—*the good*. To be good is the attribute of the Supreme Being. Goodness is the image of the Creator on earth.

41.

Goodness does not consist merely in not doing ill; that is a negative kind of goodness; it ought to be active in doing good.

42.

True goodness is not limited to being beneficent and serviceable to our relations or friends: it must not be regardless or indifferent to the rest of mankind—true goodness is charitable.

43. I

43.

I have learned in a few words how far my good offices should extend to those who have intercourse with me, this is the extent of them, *I must do to them, all that I wish they should do unto me*; if then I wish to engage the attention of others, and to be introduced to notice, I must begin myself by making them satisfied with themselves.

44.

Nothing is more rare than true goodness; even those who fancy they are possessed of it, have commonly nothing but politeness or indolence of character to boast of. No one deserves the title of *Good*, if he does not act consistently; without that, goodness will only be weakness, or a want of power in the will.

45. True

45.

True goodness consists in our disposition to love our equals, to excuse their faults, to pardon their defects, to interpret their actions in the most favourable manner, to bear with them, to do them good, even though no return be expected ; this is what constitutes *Goodness*. Whatever wit or abilities people may possess, we cannot attach ourselves to them unless they be also *Good*.

46.

Next to Goodness, Modesty is one of the most engaging and desirable of all the moral qualities. Modesty alone would be sufficient to constitute Merit, and supply the place of Beauty, by making amends for our deficiency in other respects : but what charms has it not
when

when it beams on a pleasing countenance, and adorns rising talents?

47.

Modesty is to merit what a light gauze is to Beauty; it apparently diminishes its lustre, but in reality it enhances its value.

48.

With great abilities, we may please (*for the moment*) and flatter the self-love of others; but modesty alone produces a much greater effect, as it interests the heart, and inspires it with a degree of admiration and respect, which has something divine in it.

49.

True modesty acts uniformly, and is easy in its address; never obtrudes itself to notice, does not court applause: when it is improperly bestowed, it is rather

rather pained than flattered, and when praise is unjustly refused, it is not offended; it has not a high idea of its own merit: it takes pleasure in doing justice to that of others, it praises them without reluctance when they do any thing praise-worthy, and hears without envy the encomiums bestowed on them: in my opinion, the noble mind alone can be capable of such sentiments.

50.

The basis of all solid merit is *Goodness* and *Wisdom*. With Goodness we do good, and with Wisdom we avoid evil.

51.

Evil is every thing that is attended with inconvenience, and that *shuns the light*.

52. The

52.

The grand art of knowing if any thing will be attended with inconvenience, is called Prudence, Judgment, Wisdom; and how can we acquire this valuable talent, this perfection of good sense which enables us to foresee what will be the result of our actions?—by *Reflection and Experience*.—But in order to have made such observations, we must have seen much and lived long; this is not the case with young people; should we then require them to be *prudent and wise*?—their faults are unavoidable!—we ought therefore to pardon them.

53.

The wisdom of people who have lived long, is to foresee the future by recurring to the past. The wisdom
of

of the young is to submit to the present with readiness and confidence. With the old, Wisdom is an *Idea* ; with the young, it is a *Sentiment*. In the old, Wisdom acts from the *head*, in the young, it acts from the *heart*.

54.

To know how to submit to Necessity ; to obey the authority we cannot control ; to have the wish to do good, even when we want resolution and inclination to it, are the characteristics of a great mind.

55.

To do readily *what* we ought to do, *when* we ought to do it ; and *as* we ought to do it ; are the characteristics of wise and happy minds.

56.

To procrastinate, or to do ill, is to make ourselves miserable ; it is to pro-
long

long and double the pain we experience in doing it; and if we must at last do that which is contrary to our inclination, we have been absurd.

57.

Weariness of mind is nothing more than the absence of Sentiment and Reflection; the best remedy against it, is therefore to furnish ourselves with a subject that will call forth the one and the other.

58.

But my attempts are fruitless! Every thing within my own choice appears insipid!—Stop for a moment, do not chuse at all.—We find no relish in any thing when the taste is vitiated; but compel yourself to act; if in action you find no pleasure, wait till you have acted, and then examine yourself.

59.

To make efforts without succeeding, only proclaims our Weakness ; to be unwilling to make efforts, indicates Folly ; and to be afraid to make them, contrary to our inclination, proves cowardice of mind.

60.

Oh ! could we know what infinite pleasure we should feel when we have conquered ourselves, we should spare no pains, and suffer no opportunity to escape of doing it : that self-satisfaction is equal to all the pleasures of *Virtue*, united to those of *Self-love*.

61.

In fact, what is more glorious and flattering than to be master of one's self, and to be able to say, "I can make myself

myself a judge of my own inclinations :
 I command them, and do not suffer my
 reason and heart to be over-ruled by
 my senses." Where is the proof of vir-
 tue and wisdom, when we have had no
 struggles to make ? Where is the merit
 of the soldier who has not been in
 battle, or of the pilot who suffers him-
 self to be guided by the ship, without
 endeavouring to resist the winds and
 waves ?

62.

None are more to be pitied than those
 who have the liberty of gratifying their
 appetites before they have learned to
 govern them ; because, not being al-
 ways able to succeed, a single disap-
 pointment appears to them cruel, and
 affects them, so as to disturb their other
 pleasures.

63.

I once heard a young woman, (who was at liberty to do whatever she pleased, and who wished for nothing but dissipation and amusement) say, that even in the midst of pleasure and the agreeable amusements of society, she oftentimes felt a great *Ennui*; that the intervals were painful, and that disappointments put her out of humour for several days; that at last she should have died with vexation, had not sickness happily come to her aid.

64.

I pity that lady, and if I were interested in her situation, I should wish her to be influenced by some superior power which would impose upon her some duties to fulfil and some acquisitions
to

~~to make an obligation to act—a subject~~
for action, and an end proposed.

65.

The disorders of the will are not to be cured, but by being subject to some authority.

66.

We cannot restore sound to a chord without stretching it.

67.

Do you feel the necessity of being relieved from your weariness of mind? Compel yourself to work.—Do you want pleasures?—seek them in the success of your employments.

68.

There is no real employment but that which is *useful or necessary*.—When once

we seek in our employments those alone which best suit our indolence, those very employments become (if I may use the expression) nothing more than an *idle activity*, as it only serves to shake off those that are really and absolutely necessary.

69.

It is therefore sometimes a rash wish to desire entire liberty and independence, because so much wisdom is required to make a right use of it.

70.

We may distinguish the wise man from the fool by their wishes ; and the good from the bad, by the *Motive* of their wishes.

71.

We are such weak trifling beings, that if we are given up to ourselves in
the

the choice and duration of our employments, all end in satiety, ill humour, and aversion to work.

72.

Duties are requisite for us ; yes—I repeat it, *Duties* ! alas ! I must repeat it ; we require a superior influence to make us observe them.

73.

We are liable not only to become indifferent to the charms which accompany the performance of our duties, but even to our own interest ! happy are they who have friends who teach them the art of acquiring willingness, nay, who *constrain* them, by the force of habit, to acquire it.

74.

A thousand times happier are they who are in a situation where that constraint

straint is gentle and reasonable; where they find encouragement in their efforts, indulgence to their failings, and applause in their success.

75.

But am I not myself surrounded by persons whose interest it is to love me, whose pride it is to make me better, and whose pleasure it is to instruct me?

76.

If you ask me the means of amusing and diverting ourselves, to interest others in our favour, and make them admire us; I will tell you: we shall find it in the love of employment, the acquirement of talents, and voluntarily fulfilling the duties of our station.

77.

But you will say, "you are not always inclined to do it!"—that does not depend

depend upon you !—it is true. But do from habit and reason what you cannot do from inclination — the inclination will come afterwards—if it does not, ask it of him who can give it you; *knock and it will be opened unto you.*

78.

Of all the advantages I have received from study, what I most admire is, the useful avocations and amusements it has afforded me in preventing my imagining I might be happier.

79.

All those sciences which do not teach me to *think better* or to *act better*, I look upon as agreeable and inferior talents. Of what use are all kinds of instruction to me, if they do not make me happier? Of what use is it to eat, if we do not
digest

digest our food, if it does not contribute to our strength and health ?

80.

It is not what we eat that nourishes; it is what we digest. It is not what we learn that instructs, it is what we retain.

81.

Let our studies influence our morals, and the benefit we derive from our reading, be productive of virtue.

82.

I recollect what a Roman philosopher said, speaking of the sciences, " they have been the food of my youth ; they now comfort me in adversity ; they were my delight in the country, they were no incumbrance to me in town, and

and served me as guides and companions in my travels."

83.

A Grecian philosopher was asked, "What difference he made between a well informed man and an ignorant man?" he replied, "send them both to a foreign country, and you will soon discover it." This philosopher was once an instance of the truth of his own assertion; for I remember having read, that being cast by a storm upon a foreign shore, he went to the first town he saw with his companions, and having entered a school, he there spoke so well, that they loaded him with presents, so that he was soon enabled to furnish every thing that was necessary for those who had been shipwrecked with him. They, intending to return to their own country, asked the philosopher,

sopher, what commands he had for his friends ? he gave them this commission :
*" Recommend it to them from me, to
 " teach their children early to furnish their
 " minds with those arts and sciences that
 " can brave the tempests."*—In fact, Education and Instruction are riches that preserve their value in every country, and of which misfortunes cannot deprive us.

.84.

I am of opinion, that those persons who seriously cultivate the sciences are more docile and gentle than other people. Study calls forth and fixes in our minds those pure and delicate sentiments in which true virtue consists ; for, young persons who have a taste for accomplishments, whatever may be their foibles in other respects, are generally persons of probity at least. Their habitual

habitual turn for reflection will make them naturally on the one hand less ambitious and less interested, and on the other hand, more attentive to their duties and the received rules of politeness. For, study, instead of having blunted in them the relish for things estimable, ought on the contrary to have given them a greater degree of sensibility. For my part, I feel every day that study, by teaching me to discriminate those things that are really necessary to me, has at the same time banished from my mind those which were fictitious and suggested by my imagination.

85.

Our wants are the desire of possessing that of which we are deprived. If what we desire has inconveniences, we are absurd; if it is not possible for us to obtain it, we are cruel to our-

E

selves

selves in occasioning voluntary uneasiness.

86.

The body, the mind, and the heart, have each its wants. Those of the body are food, labour, and rest. These are useful avocations, which succeeding each other, hinder us from wasting ourselves by using the same exercise: and what I most admire is, that those apparent inconveniences are the source of a thousand pleasures when they are properly satisfied.

87.

I neither work, play, nor eat willingly, but as the calls of necessity excite me.

88. The

88.

The wants of the mind and the imagination are, curiosity, employment, and desire of instruction.

89.

The imagination when regulated, is a valuable source of enjoyment, by giving us an infinite variety of tastes, and furnishing us often with the disposition necessary to satisfy them with success; for the imagination exercised and applied to the sciences, naturally makes us expert, industrious, and patient; it keeps us constantly employed, and makes us forget the privations of our age; but left to itself, it would give us tastes and desires which we could never satisfy, and which it is perhaps of great importance, that we should not.

90.

It is then, a happiness for us, that others have imprinted in our imagination a determined sphere in the career of the sciences, in which it may exercise its active spirit and vigour without inconvenience, and for its own advantage.

91.

We may even make the mechanic arts turn to our happiness; for when the mind is wearied or sick, the body should then work; if not, the mind falls back on itself, and there causes *Ennui* and disgust.

92.

Manual labour alone makes the people content and happy. Look at that artisan in his work-shop; you will find him

him lively and content, forgetting his domestic troubles, his alarms about a future life, about the existence of his children ; you will see him active, industrious, patient, economical, and tractable.—But then observe him when he has left off work, in those days of leisure, when his imagination falls back upon himself, the burthen is too heavy for him to bear ; he feels himself (if I may use the expression) obliged to fly from his home, to forget himself, and stupified with liquor and noisy diversions, he loses all the good qualities he exercised in the week, and he will either be extravagant or turbulent—and perhaps a libertine.

93.

The labour of the hands will serve young persons in the course of life, as

E 3

better

better resources against uneasiness, than the best maxims of morality : we are true machines : the motion of the body makes us forget the troubles of the mind ; and we must expect some portion of them in the course of our life.

94.

The pleasures young persons collect in the common way of instruction, from the fine arts and different studies to which they apply themselves, are mostly addressed only to their imagination, and some, a small number, to their heart. But when their imagination is cooled or disturbed, when their heart is uneasy or agitated by the passions, all nourishment of this kind will become insipid, the mechanic arts will then be a valuable and the only resource.

95.

I now know this great truth, a truth which is a new idea to me, namely, that certain manual labours stop and suspend the operations of our thoughts, and that when we have nothing to think of but what is disagreeable, it is a great happiness to be able to exempt ourselves totally from thinking for the moment.

96.

The wants of the heart are the love of our equals, Confidence, Gratitude, and Friendship.—In proportion as we satisfy these different wants, we feel within ourselves a pleasure that makes us love them.

97.

The hearts of persons of sensibility would be very vacant indeed, if we
could

could deprive them of their natural and necessary tendency to love those that surround them, to be beneficent, indulgent, &c.

98.

I have learned to distinguish three kinds of Friendships : that of the Mind, among persons that amuse each other ; that of Character, between persons who please each other ; and that of the Heart, among persons who love each other.— In the first, I find the pleasure of being entertained or instructed ; in the second, that of being suffered and borne with : but in the third, I find much nobler sentiments which interest and affect me ; I find in it a support that I should seek in vain elsewhere.

99.

Among all those who say they are really my friends, shew me *one* who loved

loved me first without being interested; who has done every thing for me without return; *one* who has been able continually to bear with my faults with an unabated affection; *one* in whom I may confidentially repose my sorrows, my disquietudes, my *foibles*:—and in whom I may find tenderness, indulgence, advice;—in fine, *one* who is interested in pardoning me, and in not *betraying my confidence*!—If you show me that true friend, I shall think I can never be unhappy; I shall love her with all my heart—almost to adoration!—I will do every thing for her. I will spare nothing to preserve such a treasure; I will sacrifice every thing that is dearest to me, and will patiently bear every thing that affects me, my sorrows, disquietudes, disgusts, every thing—to please her—but!—have I not the happiness

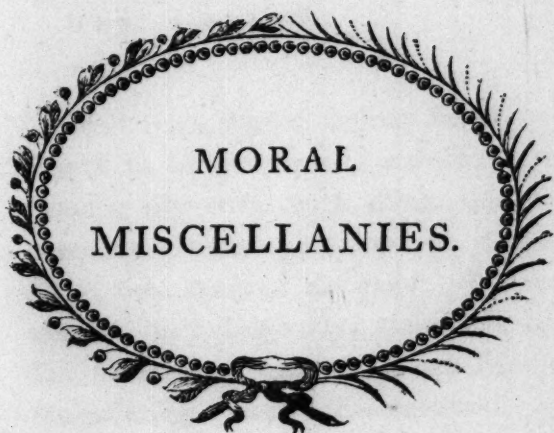
piness to possess this friend so rare and valuable?—Yes!—in this picture I acknowledge—my mother!—Yes!—it is my mother! my heart always acknowledged her; but now it is a discovery made by my reason, which makes me set a proper value on my treasure.

100.

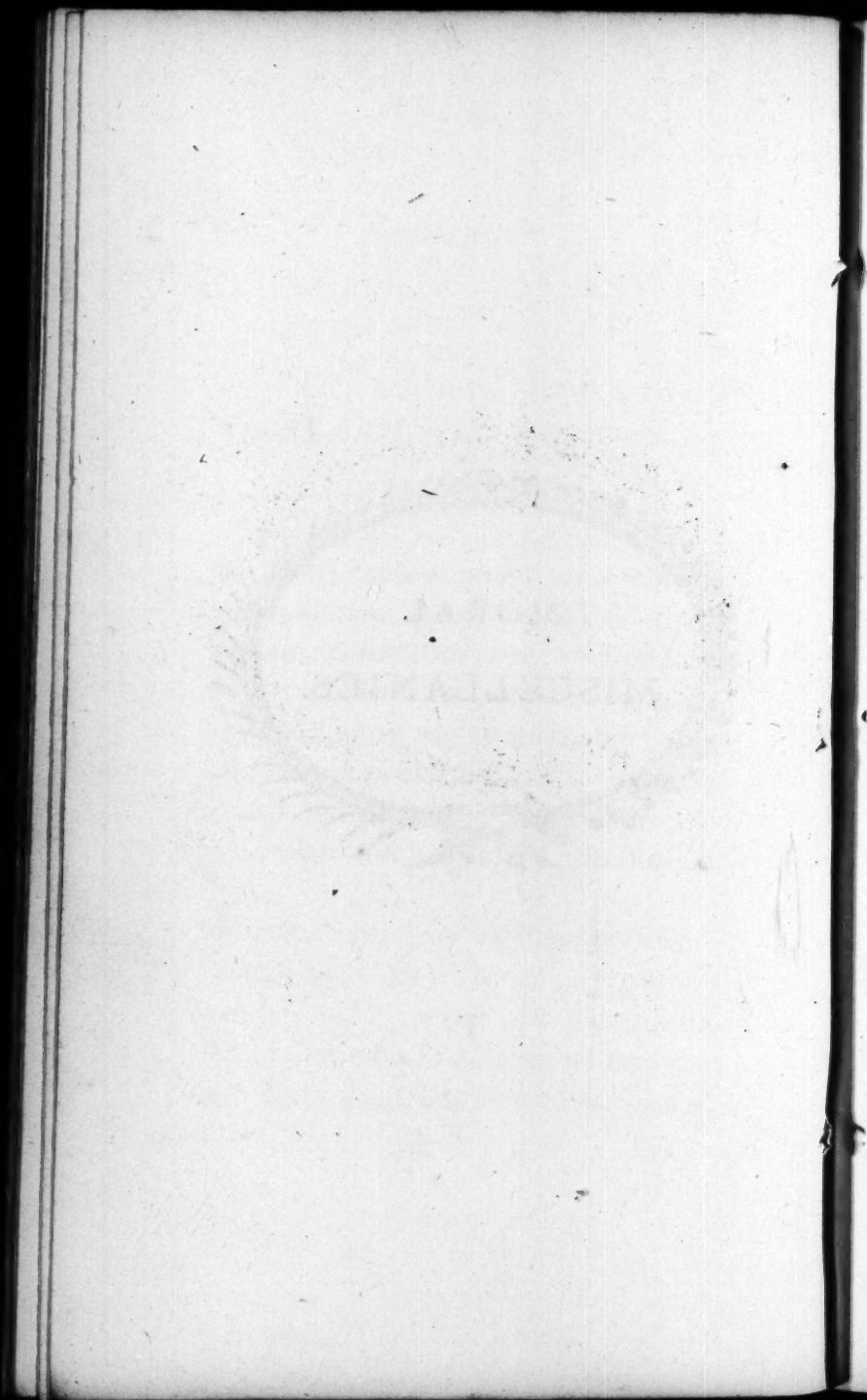
Yes!—I will love my mother a thousand times better. My sentiments, my pursuits, my conduct, all shall express my love.—To love her shall be the first want of this feeling heart which I have received from her.—To love her will be to me *a pleasure*—and to her—*a happiness*.—Fly, vanish from before me, ye disquietudes, crosses, and displeasures, which once bore the name of misfortunes! like those light vapours which are exhaled and annihilated at the rising of the sun; you will be annihilated.

lated at the light of an improving reason, which will know henceforth how to set a proper value upon you.—You cannot bear the day light; go, go, confine yourselves in the darkness of those childish understandings, those vacant weak minds, who suffer themselves to sink under the least impression, and which will not have, like me, experienced—*the glory of having despised them.*





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ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG
LADY, ON THE DEATH OF
HER FRIEND.

OH! thou whose feeling heart refuseth to be comforted, permit me to mingle my tears with thine, and by weeping with thee, to alleviate, if possible, the excess of thy grief. We are allowed to indulge this seasonable relief to sorrow, excited in our hearts, for suffering Virtue and Innocence.

Oh! great God! can thy decrees be so severe? Canst thou thus cruelly strike what thou lovest? Thou inspirest us with sentiments of admiration, and a love for Virtue and Truth, and then

withdrawest from amongst us, those lovely emblems of thy divinity. Yes! thy beneficent hand had endowed the amiable Agnes, with those charms, that ennoble Virtue and *deify* Human Nature.

The innocence and candour of her soul beamed in her eyes! the serenity of her brow presented the image of a pure and peaceful conscience. The blush on her cheek was that of timid Modesty. From her innocent lips, the severity of reproach was never heard, the caprice of ill-humour, or the tale of scandal.—No! those ingenuous truths alone, those gentle accents, which at once inspire confidence and friendship, dwelt on her tongue.

Oh! Lord! in these precious gifts, I acknowledge thy liberal hand—I must likewise

likewise acknowledge, that all thou hast ordained is founded in Wisdom. Although thou sawest fit to recal, in an instant to recal, my much lamented friend from this world—life, death, and happiness are at thy disposal, and if thou recallest to thee those who are formed to excite our love and admiration, the friends who are left to weep their loss are alone unhappy—for the pure mind, —worthy to appear in thy presence—must have been taken from amongst us to enjoy, and partake of thy divine favours. Cease then, oh! afflicted soul, to bathe this tomb with the bitter tears of unavailing regret :—but if this relief to the feeling mind, this tribute dear to the memory of those we love, be yet unsatisfied, indulge for a while the effusions of thy grief—then having covered these earthly remains with flowers, raise

thine eyes and thoughts towards the sacred abode of the great Arbiter of Man, whither the friend thou bewailest is gone to rejoin her kindred spirits. Adore with silent respect the will and decrees of the Father of the Just.—Let the remembrance of the friend he gave thee for a season, be ever accompanied with the desire of imitating her Virtues : and may the separation he hath ordained, impress on thy mind, that her destiny and thine may, finally, be the same—that being *children of the same beneficent Father, thou mayest be admitted to share the same inheritance.*

ENCOURAGE-

ENCOURAGEMENT TO YOUNG
LADIES UNDER THE SUB-
ORDINATION AND CON-
FINEMENT ADOPTED IN
THEIR EDUCATION, IN THE
ALLEGORICAL FICTION OF
THE ROSE AND THE BRAM-
BLE.

APOLOGUE.

A BEAUTEOUS Rose grew under the shelter of a thick Bramble, and so encompassed with its thorny branches, that the light of day could scarcely penetrate. Its blushing charms began to unfold, and shone faintly through its covert; thus flourished the Rose for a time, unseen and unknown—but *secure from danger*. The impatient fair-one,

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proud:

proud of her charms, and anxious to display them among the flowers of spring, began to reproach the Bramble as the cause of her confinement. She called him cruel and barbarous, thus to oblige her tender youth to pass ingloriously and useless in the world—and depriving her of liberty, leave her to pine, wither, and die in a horrid prison.—Cease, cried the Bramble sternly! accuse not me, but thine own levity and caprice, recollect to whom thou art addressing thy absurd reproaches—to *thy protector*.—If thou art uninjured by the scorching rays of noon, to whose friendly shade art thou indebted for protection?—who defends thee from the raging tempest, the destructive hail? be silent, and love thy rustic abode.—Thou hast not yet reached the zenith of thy glory, and art ignorant

norant of the dangers that threaten thy tender inexperienced years. The Rose made no reply, but trembled with inward rage. She now extends, now contracts her leaves, and silently invokes storms and lightnings to fall on her cruel guardian. At that moment, a peasant enters the field with an instrument of destruction in his hand, to clear the place of the useless plants; the cruel scythe soon levels the Bramble in the dust. The ungrateful flower, far from weeping her loss, thrills with joy, and looks down on her fallen friend with an air of triumph. The prostrate Bramble covers the ground with his ruins, and for the first time, the piercing light of day penetrates his verdant retreat.

The giddy Rose freed from her fetters, rears her imperious head. The
morning

morning zephirs flatter and sport around
 her, the birds salute her with their ear-
 liest song, and Aurora crowns her with
 dewy pearls—but alas! how fleeting are
 the hours of pleasure, how inconstant
 and uncertain are its enjoyments! A
 caterpillar spies our proud beauty from
 far, and approaching insolently crawls
 up her tender stalk, and there fixes his
 ravenous tooth. To him succeeds a vo-
 racious slug, who covering her with
 his loathsome slime, gnaws and devours
 her—a prey to insects.—Scorched by the
 sun, the hapless flower fades before her
 prime; in vain she calls the Bramble
 to her aid; pale and withered, her
 strength exhausted, her leaves decay
 and fall—she dies before her time
 —sad victim to vanity and conceit.
 Oh ye young and inexperienced in
 the paths of life, who now live in
 happy

happy innocence under the fostering care of a tender but cautious *and experienced* mother or friend, to whose care you may be intrusted ; should the restraints they feel necessary to impose, appear at any time rigid and severe, think on the hapless Rose, and from her example learn *Submission* and *Content*.



EMPLOYMENT IS NECESSARY TO MAN: IF AGREEABLE—IT IS A PLEASURE; IF USEFUL—A HAPPINESS.

APOLOGUE.

TO pass our life in framing artificial wants, and in gratifying them, is too vulgar a function for a manly and noble mind. The happiness of this life depends in a great measure on our employment; we must have an object to pursue, and which may keep us constantly in action, without which the weight of our existence falls heavily back upon ourselves. Want of employment never produces any thing but
what

what is base and ignoble, and will never make any creatures happy, but those who are like the Snail I am going to speak of. One of those industrious worms that Nature seems to have created for our use and admiration, satisfied with food and sleep, had climbed up the branch of a shrub to weave its golden silk. It had already here and there interwoven the fine threads that were to support its building : and it laboured without ceasing, exerting all the instinct and agility it possessed. On the damp ground beneath, dwelt an idle Slug, who spent its life in vile indolence, in the midst of the plants that vegetated around it ; it had scarcely advanced a step, to satisfy its greedy appetite, when oppressed with fatigue, it fell asleep in total forgetfulness. One day having raised its head higher

G

than

than usual, what an astonishing sight presented itself to its view ! The industrious Worm, who writhing itself continually back and forward, caught its eye ; it is surprised to see a being that labours with so much warmth and assiduity without thinking of food or rest : oh ! oh ! said he, making a great effort to rouse itself from its stupor, and to speak, “ who are you ? what makes you labour with so much eagerness and fatigue ? what mighty recompense do you expect for your toil ? Do you not know, that while you fatigue yourself and waste your body in that manner, that each moment, life and the bloom of youth flies away, and that in the end, *Death* comes upon us ? Confess your folly, wretched being, leave off your vain and useless work, and rather come to relax and divert yourself in the verdant

dant meadow under the shade of the myrtle and laurel, beneath which a delightful coolness invites us to repose our wearied limbs." The laborious insect scarcely deigning to cast a look of contempt upon the Slug, replied : " this active life which to you appears so painful, is dearer to me than your rest ; to me it is a source of pleasures, it will lead me to a new order of beings, and to a more noble and glorious state ; my body will soon be cloathed with shining wings, and sail smoothly above the earth. You doubtless think that Nature has created you only to satisfy your gluttony and indolence ; go, vile insect ! enjoy your happiness and tranquillity, enjoy without glory your insipid inactivity, you will never be more than a despicable and obscure Slug, obliged to drag your body in the dust

and slime, and then to die in the mire."

The Worm spoke thus, but the foolish Slag laughed, folded back its wearied head, and fell fast asleep.

In the mean time, the industrious Worm began to enjoy the benefit of its labour : a wonderful metamorphose gave it a form which scarcely astonished its stupid neighbour, who contented itself to open its eye and to shut it immediately, that he might not be disturbed to no purpose.

O ye, who in the midst of gilded roofs, live in abundance and repose ; if you despise the arts and useful employments which alone can ennoble man, by inspiring him with distinguished and
generous

generous sentiments, and which make him find in the constant exercise of his faculties, a pleasure and happiness which can never be known in a life of indolence, without merit and without honour—come, examine the Slug, and learn, that, *a life without animation is a life of death.*



THE LOVE OF PLEASURE IS
NATURAL TO YOUTH, BUT
PLEASURE SHOULD BE CHO-
SEN, BECAUSE IT MAY BE
ATTENDED WITH INCON-
VENIENCES, AND FOLLOW-
ED BY SEVERE REMORSE.

HAPPY then are they who can sub-
mit their inclinations to the judgement
of a good intentioned friend, who dis-
pels the disquietudes and misfortunes.—
This is demonstrated by the fable of
the Child and the Wasp.

A little Child, who could scarcely
stand on his feet, was jumping in a gar-
den.

den over the grass and the flowers. A gilded Wasp, armed with his sting, came and fluttered about him; and the Child attracted by the golden splendour that glittered on the body of the deceitful insect, was immediately desirous to make it his prey. He drove his hand upon it half shut, but the stroke fell in vain; the Wasp fled further off. Obstacles frequently irritate the desires of man, and make him more eager. The Child began to pursue the insect, but it being more alert and quick-fighted, got always further from him, and after fluttering a long time about, went and perched on the tender bosom of a purple rose. The Child, who watched it, advanced to it with silent and slow steps, rises on his tiptoes, and at the same time darts its hand quickly on the insect and the rose. Then the
 enraged.

enraged Wasp has recourse to its sting,
and without pity pierces the hand that
inclosed it. The Child fills the air with
cries, and rushes down the victim of
his rash desire.



TRUE MERIT FREQUENTLY
LOVES TO CONCEAL IT-
SELF UNDER A HUMBLE
AND ROUGH EXTERIOR,
AND SEEMS TO FLY THE
ELEGANT ORNAMENTS OF
DRESS AND BEAUTY..

APOLOGUE.

SELF-IGNORANCE always begets
arrogance and pride; we frequently
despise others only because we have a
higher idea of our own merit than
of theirs; we not only judge slightly
of them, scarcely giving ourselves time
to know them, but we are very unjust
in

in respect to them; only finding those things good in others which are agreeable to our tastes and opinions. It is not what is good and useful that we love, but that which pleases us; and that is the great source of error. It is not always to our friends that we should listen to learn how to set a just value on ourselves; Politeness and Friendship impose on them, caution and disguise; or rather the resemblance and conformity of their defects to ours, makes them blind and interested in flattering; but it is from the mouth of an enemy whom our pride has provoked, that sometimes proceed those bright strokes of truth that can enlighten us, and that we can turn to our advantage, which I mean to demonstrate in the following fable.

O.N.

ON the banks of a rivulet, in the midst of a flower garden, the Rose and Jessamine grew together. Charmed with their own beauty, which was reflected on the chrystal surface of the pure water, they looked at each other with complaisance, and began to discourse thus of their merit : " Certainly, said the Rose, we are the favourites of Zephyrus ; he always chuses us to weave garlands for his bride ; and indeed, among all the noble families of flowers that adorn the garden, I know none comparable to us ; for we unite beauty and sweetness, and in us alone is found the double merit of flattering two senses at once. The charming Phillis, all vermillioned as she is, how often has she envied my colour, when admiring herself in a chrystal fountain, she applies her cheeks to mine to make
a com-

a comparison ; the victory is always on my side. It is we that are chosen in preference to crown the hair, and adorn the bosom of beauty ; and sometimes in their delicate hands, we become the confidants and interpreters of the softest secrets of the heart. Finally, in all the vegetable reign, among the flowers of the garden, sweet scented plants, shrubs, and trees of the tallest size, there is not one that does not acknowledge our merit, and pay us the first honours."

The white and star-like flower listened with delighted pride to the flattering discourse of her companion, and replied : " behold that mishapen oak, loaded with years ; see what shrivelled leaves, what rough knotty bark ; who could place so disgusting an object near us ? the very sight indeed, if it does
not

not make me ugly, it at least makes me sad, and vexes me. It is therefore treated as it deserves, it is touched only by the hard hands of the coarse rustic. Nature is certainly deceived in its agreeable productions, in creating so rude and wild a plant; instead of elms, ash, oaks, and pines, they should have created nothing but Roses and Jeffermines."

The noble tree which had heard their vain and arrogant discourse, shook his majestic head, and replied: "Be silent, ye miserable proud wretches, for that merit on which you reckon so highly, will scarcely last till to-morrow; I have seen so many like you spring up and die in this garden, that you seem to me hardly to exist; you have been created only for a useless pomp, and the

H

same

same day you are gathered—you are forgotten.—On the contrary learn, that what you despise so much, has more true and lasting merit than yours; my nervous and strong body enables me to resist the storm, and thereby I serve as a shelter against the rain, the hail, and the heat of the sun, to man and beasts. These twisted and prolific branches have for more than an hundred years supplied useful food to the animal who feeds on acorns; and when exhausted and dried up I shall be near dying, I hope to survive my ruin, I shall go to the extreme parts of the world to furrow the waves of the ocean, and shall thence return hither loaded with foreign merchandise; and you, ye wretches, with your pompous vanity, where will you go? of what use will ye be? what will become of you?

They

They will enjoy your fragrance to-day ;
to-morrow you will be withered and
spoiled, and they will trample you
under foot."

Scarcely had this sensible tree finished
his discourse with the two haughty
flowers, when a stroke of the sun al-
ready made them bend their heads ;
presently their lustre forsakes them ;
enervated and dried up they at once
lose their form and scent, and fall upon
the humble earth, mixed with the
refuse of flowers.

O ye fair blooming youth, if for-
getful of your fate and momentary
glory, you think you have a right to
despise and turn to ridicule those who
possess not like you the studied man-
ners and refinements of gay politeness,

H 2 . come,

come, behold yourselves in my two flowers, and you will not only find in them your picture, but also the cruel lot which awaits you.



TO FULFIL THE DUTIES OF
OUR STATION, IS TO AC-
QUIT OURSELVES OF THE
DEBT WE HAVE CONTRACT-
ED WITH SOCIETY:—NOT
TO BE USEFUL TO ANY, IS
TO BE HURTFUL TO ALL.

APOLOGUE.

THE end of Society in uniting man-
kind together, has been to make their
life less precarious and more commo-
dious. All are bound to pay a tribute
of service to that community in ex-
change for the advantages they derive
from it, such as their subsistence, their
protection and pleasures; whence it
follows, that it is committing sin against
the first duty of honesty, not to con-

H 3

tribute

tribute directly or indirectly to the general good, and not to pay our quota.

In whatever station we are, we have always duties to fulfil, and it is even by accomplishing those duties that we discharge our debt ; some by the labour of the body, others by that of the mind ; the young, in acquiring those talents by which they will be useful : the aged by their advice, and by communicating the fruit of their experience ; the poor by their manual labour, the rich by their beneficence, their economy, and their encouragement of industry.

From the moment we cease to be of use, we become a burthen to ourselves ; the Idler therefore loses all his rights, and in driving him from the community, we should only do an act of justice, which

which is exemplified in the following fable.

IN former days, before animals had approached man, and attached themselves to his service, they led a savage life in the woods ; they were often afflicted with the dreadful scourge of famine, and their existence was precarious and uncertain. If rich and fertile Nature sometimes offered them her gifts with a lavish hand, a severe winter, that sometimes succeeded, stripped the trees of their fruits, and the fields of their verdure ; the animals, then not possessing the valuable faculty which enables us to foresee dangers and guard against them, were lost without resource and perished without pity. It is in consequence of such a destructive calamity that some wise animal seeing
the

the advantages of social life approached man, and asked for food, offering him his services as a tribute of his gratitude. Well! says the Man, let each of you declare what he is able to perform for the use of Society.

The Cat advanced first, meagre, half-starved, her bones ready to start through her skin, and scarcely able to speak, said, "These teeth and claws shall serve you as a watchful sentinel, I will drive away the destructive animals from your cellar and your pantry; your bacon and cheese shall be safe, and I will rove day and night in your house, and guard it, even in the most retired corners."

"Well, replied the Man, I am satisfied, be faithful and diligent, and you shall

shall be fed." — And you, addressing himself to the Dog, "What can you do?" "Me! he replied, I will deserve your attachment and friendship by my gratitude, I will defend you against your enemies and against robbers; I will watch continually round your house, and the fox shall never dare to approach it; I shall be able to follow and discover the hare and the partridge by the scent; I will guard your flocks against the dangers of the night, and to me they shall be indebted for their safety and their rest; and what is more, sire, added he, if necessary, I will give my life to defend yours."

"You are charming," replied the Man, "I adopt you for my companion, you deserve that place,"

Having

Having then turned towards the Fly, who regardless of Man and Animals, had settled herself quietly on a nectarine — “And you,” said he — “What good offices are you willing to do for Man?” — “I labour!” it replied with a fierce disdainful tone — “I labour! you insult me! — what do you take me for? know that all my race and the generation of my species, from time immemorial, has never done any thing — learn, that I am a *lady*, and have no desire to derogate from my distinguished rank, nor to demean myself, so as to become industrious. My ancestors have transmitted to me (and I will preserve it) the noble privilege of living to do nothing; and from the cradle to the grave, I will support my calm tranquillity; I have not yet done any thing, and I never will do any thing.”

The

The Man provoked, takes his handkerchief and drives away the haughty insect from the sweet flavoured fruit, and thus replied—"Begone ! far from hence, proud creature ! Dost thou not know that Nature has not placed any being on the theatre of the world to be idle there, and a vain burthen. Could you have sucked the sweet nectar of that fruit, had not an industrious husbandman by his labour and sweat of his brow cultivated the earth and planted that tree ? What would become of the social tie that unites mankind, if every one thought like thee.—Begone ! your fate is not far off ! thou wilt shortly behold yourself driven from all tables and from all houses, and obliged to die in a corner, the object of scorn, and covered with dust."

7 AP 66

